



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A VISIT TO MAGERSFONTEIN BATTLEFIELD.

By W. S. FLETCHER.



OFFICIAL business calling me to Kimberley during the month of March last, I was afforded an opportune and welcome chance of visiting Magersfontein, a spot that will always be associated with the untoward disaster to British arms in the earlier stage of the South African campaign.

With regard to Kimberley itself, it was just beginning to recover from the staggering effects of its four months' isolation and bombardment. At the first glance, no one would suppose that the place had so recently been subjected to such a unique and disagreeable experience. There was certainly an unusual quietude in the vicinity of the De Beer's diamond-mines, for which lack of coal and native labour were to a large extent responsible; cabs, too, were conspicuous by their absence, the horses having been either handed over to the military authorities or converted into soup and sausage-meat for the half-starved population; while the stock of goods for sale in the stores was of a somewhat limited description. At the same time, general and wholesale destruction of property exists only in the imagination, and anything like structural damage as the effect of the siege has for the most part to be searched out. I noticed only one building—a boot and shoe warehouse—utterly destroyed through taking fire from a shell. A 100-pounder missile had pierced the wall of a photographer's establishment, leaving a hole some three feet in diameter; and in some other places signs of wreckage were observable, but they were by no means so widespread as one would suppose.

I saw one interesting reminiscence of the siege—a placard, in the following terms: '*Sunday, February 11.*—I recommend women and children who desire complete shelter to proceed to De Beer's shafts. They will be lowered at once in the mines, from eight o'clock throughout the night. Lamps and guides will be provided.—(Signed) C. J. RHODES.' Hundreds of the townsfolk availed

themselves of this offer, and took refuge in the bowels of the earth from the hurtling shells of the Boer guns. These and other *contretemps*, however, were fast receding into history. Business in the shops was being resumed as usual, and people were even riding about in their carriages, as if there had been no interruption in the routine of social life.

But Magersfontein was our objective, situated nineteen miles to the south of Kimberley, and about two miles away from a little station named Merton, on the direct line of railway from Capetown. Our party consisted of eight persons, including the General Manager of the Cape Government Railways; and, taking with us a basket in which to deposit the spoils of war, we set out on our interesting journey over level ground, keeping a sharp lookout for such pitfalls as the numerous big ant-bear holes, in which the unwary might easily come to grief. In order that nothing should elude our search, we spread ourselves out in skirmishing order. The first relic that rewarded our search was part of the paper wrapper of a Queen's chocolate-box; then bullets, empty cartridge-cases, an exploded 9-pounder shell, and other trophies turned up in succession.

The glossy foliage of the mimosa-trees was just stirred by a gentle breeze. It was a lovely autumn afternoon; the sun shone down from a cloudless sky. Wild flowers bestrewed the veldt, and the occasional whirr of a covey of partridges made it difficult to realise that so short a time had elapsed since Briton and Boer were engaged here in such a sanguinary conflict, and torrents of shot and shell were falling over the plain.

After rambling on for about half-an-hour, with varying success in the way of 'finds,' we noticed that the ground sloped with a very gentle ascent towards a line of dark, low-lying kopjes or hills, where the enemy took up their position, the highest eminence not being over four hundred feet. The first indication of any warlike opera-

tions was the remains of wire-entanglements, constructed apparently out of fencing-wire, miles of which were broken down on each side of the line of railway. Behind this were rifle-pits, the loose reddish-coloured soil having been excavated to a depth of about five feet and thrown up in front as a protection. These pits extended for many miles in various directions. This brought us to the base of the hills, which are thickly covered with rocks and loose boulders of a brown colour. None of these hills are precipitous, but rise gradually from the plain and command a wide and extensive view of the surrounding country for twenty or thirty miles. On the slopes were cleverly devised zigzag entrenchments, constructed one behind the other in terraces, rendering the position a natural fortress and to all appearance impregnable.

On the side farthest away from where our fatuous frontal attack in December last was delivered was a large number of little scherns or shelters, hollowed out of the soil, with walls of stone on three sides, and roofed over with bushes. Generally speaking, they were about eight or nine feet square, and the occupants had evidently made themselves as comfortable as campaigning circumstances would permit. On the floors were pieces of sheepskin in an advanced stage of decomposition, together with old rugs and blankets; and strewn all about was the most heterogeneous collection of odds and ends imaginable, consisting of bottles, baskets, paper, envelopes, milk and other tins, saddlery, plates, and dishes. The splintered and yellow-stained rock in places bore emphatic testimony to the violent and destructive effects of lyddite, and in one spot we found a huge fragment of a 100-pounder shell which weighed over twenty-six pounds. The very careful manner in which the locality had been ransacked by visitors from Kimberley and elsewhere rendered discoveries of this sort few and far between, although immediately after the battle they were plentiful enough. Among other things there were several tin trunks in good condition lying about, as if the owners had decamped in a hurry without time to pack up. Forks of Brobdingnagian dimensions, gridirons, and other culinary utensils, rudely manufactured out of fencing or telegraph wire, were lying everywhere. Many interesting documents, also, were still to be picked up, such as letters from wives and sweethearts, official memoranda, and so on. Here, for instance, is a requisition on the War Department in pencil, and translated out of the Dutch in which it was originally written:

'MAGERSFONTEIN LAAGER,
Dec. 30, 1899.

'Requisition to the Commissioner for War, for 200 pairs of boots—7 to 11; 100 suits of clothes—4 to 8; 300 shirts; 100 pairs of trousers; tobacco and matches; 200 waterproofs; 100 jackets.

A. S. SCHOLTZ, Field Cornet.'

Then there was a permit dated, Hoofd Laager, December 26, 1899, to this effect:

'Let this coloured man pass from here to Kochelmander kopjes with 51 sheep and goats for Mr D. J. van Vuuren.

(Signed) A. DE WET.'

The number of empty ink-bottles to be met with seemed to suggest that a pretty extensive correspondence of one kind and another had been going on; while torn Bibles, hymn-books, tracts, and other religious as well as secular literature were among the nondescript assortment of articles littered over the veldt. One metal plate I picked up had a bullet right through the centre, and we noticed a basin pierced in several places. The embrasures where the guns had been mounted were surrounded by sandbags. The positions were admirably selected, enabling the country to be swept for a long distance round.

Altogether, this immense Boer camp was a most novel and memorable sight. One might walk about for hours, prying into the various nooks and corners among the boulders where the Boer army had been located a comparatively short time previous, some object of interest presenting itself at every turn.

What particularly struck me was the absence of any Boer burial-places. Whether the enemy deported their dead or interred them without anything to mark their last resting-place I am unable to say; but, although we tramped over a considerable extent of ground, no graves were to be seen. For purposes of identification, I was informed, the burghers have a number sewn in the bands of their hats and also inside their pocket, this number being duly registered at headquarters, so that relatives and friends can be communicated with.

An officer of the 9th Lancers whom I happened to meet had a most thrilling story to tell of his hair-breadth escape. He went out one day to make a sketch, taking a sergeant with him, both being mounted. When the sketch was partly completed he sent his attendant back to the camp for something. Immediately afterwards he saw ten Boers in the distance. Thinking they had not observed him, he lay partially concealed behind some boulders, when a bullet came whizzing close to his legs. Upon this, thinking it was time to quit, he mounted his charger and rode off as quickly as possible, the enemy in hot pursuit. A second bullet knocked off his helmet, and then his horse was struck and disabled. He rested for about a minute, and then took to his heels and ran for dear life, the bullets coming after him like hail. A wire-fence next obstructed his flight; there was no time to apply his nippers, but he scrambled through as best he could, and then took another minute's rest while his pursuers were negotiating the fencing. He then saw, to his dismay, two mounted men approaching from

another quarter, and at first took them to be Boers; but, as good luck would have it, they were British soldiers. One of them took him up on his horse, and they made off to the camp. Subsequently the Boer commandant, thinking the officer had been slain, sent in a message to the effect that his sword, which he had either left behind or let fall, had been taken to a neighbouring farmhouse, where it could be obtained on application. The officer, who ran for about a mile and a quarter, was so utterly prostrated that it was two days before he could speak. His escape was a perfect miracle.

By the time we had made a good survey of the battlefield and loaded ourselves with as many relics and mementos as we could conveniently carry, the shades of night were commencing to fall and it was necessary to retrace our steps to the station, where we were picked up by the next passing train. All nature was in repose, the stillness of the veldt only broken by the musical chirp of the insects. A beautiful full moon was just rising over Magersfontein as we took our departure, seeming as it were to throw a kindly mantle of calm oblivion over the scarred and bitter memories of the past.

OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE.

CHAPTER III.—MADEMOISELLE X.: HER PAINTER.



WHEN I strolled into the Salon next day, it seemed to me that even before I reached that part which I had come to know so well I became aware of something unusual in it. As a rule I could distinguish the glimmer of the sweet, bright face through the crowd while yet I was far away. It always seemed to be waiting for me. But my very first glance ahead this day showed me that something was wrong.

I walked quickly to the place. Mdlle. X. was gone. Instead of the straight, calm gaze of the eloquent eyes, a patch of bare wall loomed up among the surrounding pictures with all the dull effrontery of a boarded-up window.

I strode away to the secretary and inquired of him what had become of the picture.

'I can tell you nothing, monsieur, except that Monsieur—er—Bidard came in this morning and removed it—against our rules.'

'M. Roussel?' I said.

He showed no surprise at my knowledge of the artist's name, but said curtly and with a depreciatory twist of the mouth, 'M. Roussel.'

'Thanks,' I said. 'I will see him.'

I judged from his manner that he had had quite enough of M. Roussel for that day.

I had no difficulty in finding the Rue Catharine, having made successful search for it on the map before starting out that morning. No. 13 was an old-fashioned, faded, and rather dirty-looking mansion. The *concierge* bade me ascend to the third floor, and there I found M. Roussel's name on a card fastened on the door by drawing-pins. I rapped, and immediately on the sharp '*Entrez!*' turned the handle and entered.

It was a good-sized room, and lighter than one would have expected from the outside look of the house. An archway with curtains led into another room at the back. Canvases of all sizes hung from the walls or leaned up against them. They were mostly portraits. Such as were not

struck me as wild fantasies verging on the horrible. A wood-fire smouldered in a great heap of white ashes on the hearth, and my eye fell instantly on a picture standing against the skirting-board with its face to the wall. Some instinct told me at once that it was the portrait of Mdlle. X.

A tall man in a loose jacket, with his legs defiantly apart, stood with his back to the fire smoking a cigarette. He looked up as I entered, and I was evidently not the person he expected. He was a good-looking fellow, with black moustache and pointed beard; but there was a quick, suspicious white gleam about his black eyes which did not commend itself to me.

'M. Roussel?'

'*Oui, monsieur?*' he replied in a sharp, questioning tone, which said as plainly as if he had voiced it, 'Who the mischief are you, and what do you want?'

'I have come to ask if you are disposed to sell the portrait of Mdlle. X. which you were showing in the Salon?'

'No, sir!' and the black eyes stared at me hypnotically.

'I would be prepared to pay a good price for it?'

'It is not for sale, monsieur?'

'Not at any price?'

'Not at any price.'

'I am sorry for that. I was much struck with it as a most excellent piece of work.'

He bowed and puffed at his cigarette, and showed me plainly that he wanted me to be gone. But I was not to be put off so easily as all that.

'Can I not induce you to reconsider the matter, monsieur?'

He glowered at me for a moment through his smoke, then snatched up a knife from the table, turned to the portrait whose face was towards the wall, and dug the knife through one corner of the canvas. With a quick, nervous motion he

sawed the blade round inside the frame, making a horrible, ragged, rending noise. Then as the picture came loose he rolled it up face inwards, as though he hated to look at it, and flung it on the smouldering fire.

I made a dash at it, upsetting several chairs and an easel in my course, and before he could stop me I had it safely in my hands.

'Now it is mine by right of salvage,' I cried.

The black eyes snapped viciously as he snarled, 'If you take it you steal it.'

'Not at all,' I said; 'I shall pay for it;' and I drew out a thousand-franc note and threw it on the table: '*Voilà, monsieur!*'

For answer he picked up the note, twisted it into a spill, and lighted a fresh cigarette with it.

'Thanks,' I said. 'Now we are quits. You threw away the picture; I recovered it. I threw away the note; you have put it to a very good use.'

The black eyes blazed with anger, and I half-expected he would come at me or send something expressive of his feelings. Instead, he ran his fingers through his hair, and with a change of front which almost took away my breath, and which I could not have imitated to save my life, he said quietly:

'Permit me to offer you a cigarette, monsieur. Keep the picture by all means. It is worthless—like the original.'

'Ah!' I said. 'If one might inquire as to the original'—

'No,' he said. 'It is better for you that you should not know her. She is disgraced.'

'It is almost inconceivable,' I said.

He shrugged his shoulders with a slight wave of the hand which held the cigarette, as much as to say, 'Believe it or not as you choose. It is quite the same to me.'

'I find it difficult to connect disgrace with so sweet a face,' I said again, hoping still to draw him.

'Monsieur is not long in Paris, perhaps?' He smiled, with a gleam of white teeth, which aroused in me an unnatural wish to drive my fist at them.

'Not very long. I have been here about a fortnight.'

'Ah! there is much to learn,' he said, with a touch of insolence.

'But I have had the pleasure of seeing women in almost every country in the world,' I said, 'and I cannot associate anything disgraceful with a face like that.'

But he was not to be drawn. He only grinned meaningly and repeated his shrug.

'Monsieur is from England, I judge, by his accent. Is it not so?'

'From Scotland,' I said.

'That is not quite so bad. We do not hate

Scotland quite so much as England. In the past we were friends at times. *Tenez!* I have painted the beautiful Marie of Scotland. See you!' and he strode to the front windows, where a large painting stood on an easel.

It was a surprising piece of work, and confirmed the views of my friends of the previous night as to M. Roussel's touch of craziness.

Lying on the floor of a room, amid a huge pile of many-coloured silken cushions, was a wizened red-haired woman, with deathly white face, and eyes starting out of her head, while all around her Mary Queen of Scots danced a horrible dance of death. There were at least a dozen Queen Marys—all the same figure in a dozen different attitudes of wild *diablerie*—all dressed alike in a single long white sleeveless garment cut low in the neck, which whirled and flew; but in every figure the soft white neck was cut short, and the head which should have been there hung from the dancer's hand by its long bright hair, and all the eyes of all the heads were fixed, you knew, on the horror-starting eyes of the dying Elizabeth. It was ludicrously ghastly, and how any man could have squandered his genius on producing it passed my conception.

'Strong, is it not?' he said. 'It is for the Salon next year.'

'Very strong,' said I, with a great inclination to vent my feelings in a yell of laughter, and then I felt once more a still stronger inclination to put my fist into his face, for the wretch had used my beautiful *Mdlle. X.* as his model for the faces of his royal *Bacchantes*.

'You will have to alter those faces, monsieur,' I said.

'And why?'

'For the same reason that you flung away the original portrait,' I said, 'and also because if those faces appeared, supposing they do take it at the Salon, which I should think unlikely, I would be there the first day to put my stick through every face.'

'Ta, ta!' he laughed. 'Monsieur is wonderfully interested in *Mdlle. X.*'

'Shall I tell you just exactly what I think, M. Roussel?' I said.

'By all means, if you very much wish to,' he grinned.

'Then,' said I, staring straight into his black eyes, 'I think you're going crazy;' and I tapped my forehead to emphasise my meaning.

It was abominably rude, of course; but he was perpetrating an outrage on *Mdlle. X.*, whoever she was, and I wanted him to know what one man, at all events, thought about it. He said nothing. I waited for an explosion, but it did not come. He stood leaning against the window-frame looking at the picture. I walked towards the door and looked back at him. He had not moved. I went out and closed the door.

TROPICAL DISEASES AND CURES.

By T. P. PORTER, Jamaica.



HEY who go down to the sea in ships see the wonders of God in the great deep'—see, that is, the sublime manifestations of Nature in her varying moods of storm and calm, and, having eyes to see, realise that the mercy of God is over all His works. But it is a far more comprehensive insight into Nature which is vouchsafed to those who go up into the world's great wildernesses and fraternise with the aboriginal men and brothers who, strangers to the light of civilisation, know no other tutor in philosophy than Nature herself. Such, also, having eyes to see, readily come to appreciate the fact that the mercy of God is not only over but runs through and permeates all His works; that Nature, that is to say, is no mere blind force, no fortuitous combination of accidents, but the manifestation of a Divine will consistently presented in the revelations of cosmography, from the courses of the heavenly bodies to the circulation of sap in the lowliest blade of grass. For they find that, whilst the aborigine bows in awe before, and sometimes even worships, those same orbs whose masses we compute and whose courses we measure, he has, on the other hand, through ages of familiarity and generations of experiment, made his own the most precious secrets of botany; that, taught by Nature, he has created a veritable herbal pharmacopoeia of the possibilities of which the scientists of civilisation have scarcely more than begun to dream.

Coming from the abstract fact to its concrete significance, we are at once struck by the circumstance that, despite the great strides of exploration that this closing century has witnessed, the acquaintance of science with the local herbal remedies used by the uncivilised races of the world is so limited. This is all the more curious when we reflect that in all probability in this direction alone lies the secret of that immunity from or means of resisting deadly endemic diseases which can alone render possible the general and permanent advance of European civilisation into the world's tropical waste places. Perhaps the most astonishing thing about this ignorance is, that it is by no means due to oversight. On the contrary, explorers in tropical regions both ancient and modern have noted the effects of the strange and crude but marvellously potent drugs used by aboriginal medicine-men for the cure of such diseases. But for some reason these have never been investigated scientifically. Indeed, whilst our scientists frankly admit that even the famous poisons of the ancients are discounted in subtle efficacy by those decocted by the African or West Indian *obeah*-man or the wily descendant of the

Aztecs, they ignore the complementary beneficent preparations which, if as frankly recognised and properly investigated, might add treasures to the British Pharmacopoeia which would arm the medical practitioner against those obscure local diseases—specifically, the most dread malaria—that render the tropics fatal to the European.

In an article which the writer contributed to *Chambers's Journal* last year ('South American-Indian Therapeutics'), giving some account of the effective treatment practised by South American aboriginal tribes for malarial fever, the suggestion was made that the subject was well worthy of the fullest scientific investigation. Since that article was written it has been announced that the British Colonial authorities, with the co-operation of the Royal Society, have instituted a commission to study the subject of tropical malaria; and this suggests that some more general account of the native or so-called 'bush' treatment for tropical diseases might prove of timely interest. Of course it is not to be supposed that any one individual should have been so fortunate (or, from the personal point of view, *unfortunate*!) as to be in a position to furnish the testimony of actual personal experience in many cases falling within the lines of such an inquiry; and the proverbial reticence alike of the Indian *peiman* and the West Indian 'bush-doctor' ever bars the way to deliberate investigation. But for the past twenty years I have been in close touch with the tropics, between the West Indian Islands and Central and South America; and in that time many remarkable facts and suggestive experiences have come within my knowledge that may with propriety be utilised for the purpose. It will be seen that, whilst, with one notable exception, the nature of the remedy or specific remains to be ascertained, the fact of the efficacy of native treatment is indicated in no uncertain manner.

The first question that suggests itself is, What is the nature of malaria, and what are its distinguishing characteristics?—that of its treatment being essentially secondary, albeit of paramount practical importance. Passing the more recondite phase of the inquiry, as to its remote origin and nature—which are theoretically referred to decayed vegetable matter developing a specific micro-organism—malaria is thought to be a spontaneous exhalation of tropical regions generally, but of certain localities particularly, which can in any locality, however comparatively free it might be from the pestilent scourge, be produced in epidemic form by the upturning of the earth. This is frequently, perhaps usually, the result of clearing for cultivation, the cutting of roads through forest swamp regions, and so forth; but

it is interesting to note that the surface disturbance occasioned by severe and continuous earthquake shocks has been known to produce the same effect. A remarkable case in point is that of the Virgin Islands, where, after a long series of earthquakes, beginning in 1867, which very considerably broke up the surface of the earth, and in some places poured up along the shores the marine-silt of ages, quite an obstinate epidemic of malarial fevers followed, although the little islands bore the palm as the healthiest in the West Indies—one medical practitioner for a population of some six thousand having to be maintained by the Government. I have known of similar cases in the interior of Peru, Chili, and elsewhere in South America. But, beyond this general fact, little is known of the nature of the mysterious and terrible disease—or class of diseases—so called, by which practically all lands within the tropical zone are rendered inimical to the life of the average European. The connection of mosquitoes with the spread of malarial fever was considered in an article ('Mosquitoes and the Spread of Disease') in this *Journal* for 1899.

Malaria essentially belongs to the febrile class of diseases; but, primarily at least, it exhibits itself in a variety of other and peculiar forms besides fever ere finally investing the citadel of its victim's health—that is, there are certain effects or symptoms that are popularly referred to malaria which, like the proverbial auctioneer's summary, are too numerous to specify. These comprise, among others, such trifling ailments as glandular and joint swellings (with, or usually without, pain), muscular contractions, cloudiness of vision, noises in the ears, nasal hæmorrhage, and numerous other troubles, some of them being of a painful sort not infrequently mistaken for and treated as rheumatic. Either within my own experience or that of persons with whom I have been intimate, these premonitory signs of malarial infection have been found to be amenable to native or 'bush' treatment, no after-developments having supervened. On the other hand, whilst some systems seem able to resist malaria beyond this point, it is the almost invariable experience, generally speaking, that when these symptoms are either neglected or treated by the ordinary practising physician according to orthodox methods, the febrile development of malaria subsequently occurs.

Such symptoms, it is, however, to be noted, are not the inevitable precursors of malarial fever. Whilst they are usually present, they might not appear in certain cases; and in others, where they do appear, even if not treated, they sometimes disappear in a few days or hours or even minutes. I have known a new arrival rise in the morning with crippled fingers, stiff knees, and chimes clashing in his ears, to appear at breakfast after a cold 'shower' entirely free from the trouble. Apparently it is only when the symptoms linger for several days that real, or rather immediate,

danger is to be apprehended. Of course prompt remedial measures would be in any case the path of safety. But for the most part such measures are unknown; and, even when they are known, some unreasoning prejudice—or shall we say scepticism?—militates against their use. This may be illustrated by the following story:

I knew a fine, healthy young Englishman at Panama who went out to a certain establishment situated in a locality having a bad reputation for malaria and yellow fever. In my own observation his two immediate predecessors had succumbed to those diseases. A short time after his arrival glandular and knuckle swellings appeared, and I warned him of their probable significance; but they disappeared in a few days, and he was heedless. Later on more persistent and painful swellings occurred, when I again warned him of his danger, and even urged that he should consult the 'Indian doctor' (the individual mentioned in Sir Henry Blake's official minute quoted in my previous article), as he had probably contracted malaria. This he did not do; and within a week he was prostrated with fever that rapidly developed into yellow fever, which was not epidemic at that time; and, although he had the best orthodox medical care, he succumbed. As the complement to this illustration: I have known and have heard of numerous other cases both of malaria and yellow fever that were treated in all stages with wonderful success by this specialist, often after the regular practitioners of the city had given them over as hopeless.

I have particularly selected these instances for illustration from numerous others within my own experience that might be thought more striking, because they exhibit a qualified medical man who, after having spent fifteen years among Indian tribes in Mexico and South America, studying with trained mind their crude therapeutics and chemically developing the agents, returned to civilisation, and, practically discarding the old *materia medica*, scored signal successes in the treatment of tropical diseases where the best European medical skill seemed at fault. For it is important that it should be remembered that at the period of which I am writing the great Panama Canal works were in full operation, that the whole isthmus was overcrowded with thousands of Europeans, and that the Canal Company maintained a medical staff along with a central hospital establishment which cost nearly one million sterling. The conditions of contrast, therefore, were all that could be desired, and render the results noted as nearly decisive as could be reasonably expected. But other experiences within my knowledge, or that have come to me thoroughly authenticated in the course of my journalistic work, go a great deal farther in the direction of furnishing corroborative evidence of the efficacy of local treatment in tropical diseases.

I have known, in Trinidad and the tropical

mainland of America other than Guiana and the Panama isthmus, time and again, of cases of yellow fever being cured after the medical men in charge had frankly given up the patients as beyond human aid, as much on account of physical collapse as from the direct ravages of the disease. Yellow fever, however, or the symptomatic manifestations so called, is by no means so common in the West Indies and along the Spanish Main as is generally supposed to be the case. There malaria proper, or those other manifestations classed under that dread but little understood generic term, prevail in varying intensity and in different localities throughout the year; and it is to these diseases that the native or 'bush' remedies of which I am more particularly treating apply. In Trinidad, St Lucia, Dominica, the French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, and (more than all) Hayti, the claims made for these remedies in cases where 'doctor's medicine' has failed are matters of common report; they have frequently come under my own observation, and have had the attention of many of the best writers on the West Indies. The same may be said of the decoctions of the African fetich-man and the South American *peiman*. Why they have not, long ere this, been scientifically investigated and translated into the Pharmacopœia it is no part of my task to even venture to suggest. But it is certain that any attempt to solve the great problem presented by these tropical diseases must eventually be developed along these lines if it is to be practically successful. That seems to be the path indicated by Nature herself, since the agents are the crude products of common experience and not the finished result of elaborate chemical experiment.

A valuable sign-post, however, may be found in an investigation of the origin of these remedies. Whatever may be said of those used by the aboriginal tribes of intertropical America, there can be no reason to doubt that the West Indian 'bush' medicines, or rather the knowledge of them, originated in Africa, having been brought over by the negro slaves as part and parcel—the best or only good feature—of their remarkable systems of *obeah* and *myalism*. Slowly, but let us hope surely—although that is 'another story'—the gross and degrading superstition, with all its horrific paraphernalia and *diablerie*, is falling away from these systems, at present surviving actively only in Hayti, Jamaica, and Trinidad, and to a less extent in some of the smaller islands; whilst the beneficent part, that conversant with the use, as distinct from the abuse, of herbs, survives—destined, it may be, to partially revolutionise the theory and practice of tropical medicine.

That Nature revels in variety is a well-established fact. It is proverbial that no two leaves in a forest exactly coincide any more than any two faces in a population. Yet it is equally true that Nature's consistency, amounting to uniformity along certain well-defined lines, may be classed

among those eternal verities that form the basis of all true scientific deduction. There is no occasion for surprise, therefore, when we find identical endemic diseases and similar vegetable growths furnishing specific antidotes or cures for them bridging the wide Atlantic, and having their locale and habitat in Africa and America between the same parallels. Such is, in fact, the case; and it seems to be one of those merciful provisions of Providence that somehow are not so generally recognised by man—man, that is, as represented in the arrogance of nineteenth-century science—as they ought to be. But what is even less generally recognised, and which it is my purpose to here indicate, is that the aboriginal races of both continents along these zones have quite independently discovered and practically applied like remedies to like diseases.

Let us take as a concrete illustration of this the native (African) West Indian and South American remedy for yellow fever, of which I have already specifically spoken, and which seems so far to be the best authenticated of the 'bush' remedies. Again quoting from Sir Henry Blake's minute, the remedy announced by Spence in his *Land of Bolivar* (1878) is therein identified as that used by the 'Indian doctor' at Panama, whom I have briefly referred to above. Now, it is a most significant fact that this is precisely the same remedy—*vervain* (*Verbena officinalis*) and Guinea hen-weed (*Petiveria alliacea*)—that is used for the same purpose, and with almost invariably the same satisfactory results, by the much-discredited *myal* or 'bush' doctors of Hayti and other West Indian Islands; which fact I have been at pains to positively ascertain for the purposes of this article. The special significance of it is this: that, whilst the heroine of Spence's 'discovery' and the Panama specialist beyond doubt obtained their prescription from the Indians of tropical America, the West Indians with equal certainty inherited their knowledge from their African ancestors.

Were it necessary to do so, instances of the efficacy of aboriginal therapeutics in the treatment of almost all tropical diseases might be multiplied, culled from the West Indies and the mainland, from Mexico to Peru; only, so far as I am aware at least, the secrets of these remedies, always jealously guarded by their custodians, whether Africo-Caribbean *myal* doctor or Indian *peiman*, have in no case so happily come to light as chance has ordained in that of the yellow fever specific. However, enough has been said, I hope, to indicate that in them we have a clue to the solution of the great problem that is well worth the following. It does indeed seem that the heart of the great tropical wilderness still holds many a precious secret of equal if not superior medicinal value to that which, in the long ago, 'accident revealed to the fever-stricken Jesuit in dismal Peruvian wilds; and if the inquiry now on foot

can but secure them, we may venture to hope that ere long European science will be armed with the means provided by the Almighty Himself in the great laboratory of Nature for dissipating that awful shadow of death which bars the fair and fertile lands of the tropics to Europeans.

Meanwhile, according to the *Lancet*, a determined and organised attempt has been made to give the British medical man at home adequate opportunities of studying tropical diseases. At Netley and Haslar there are well-equipped establishments for instruction; there is a School of Tropical Medicine, founded under the auspices of the

Colonial Office, at Albert Dock; instruction is also given in tropical medicine at King's College, London, and in Liverpool, where a floor in the Royal Southern Hospital has been set apart for tropical cases. At the annual dinner of this hospital in 1898 Mr Alfred L. Jones, a Liverpool citizen and West African merchant, made an offer of £350 a year to start a school in Liverpool for the study of tropical disease. Donations from other sources were promised. Major Ronald Ross, head of the Malarial Mosquito Mission to West Africa, is one of the special lecturers. This gives opportunity for studying cases of tropical diseases in this country.

ARRECIFOS.

CHAPTER II.—THE MAYNARDS.



WALK of a quarter of an hour through the dimly-lighted and squalid streets which intersect Miller's Point and Church Hill brought Barry out into the glare and noise of the lower part of the principal thoroughfares of the city, which, boisterous as was the night, was thronged with the poorer class of people engaged in their Saturday night's shopping. Pushing his way through the crowd in no very gentle manner, for he was both wet and hungry, he at last reached a respectable-looking second-class hotel at the corner of George and Bridge Streets. The house was much frequented by men of his own position in the merchant service, and, as he walked into the comfortable parlour and stood by the fire to warm himself, he was greeted by all the occupants of the room—four decently dressed mates or second mates.

'You look pretty wet,' said an old red-faced man, moving his chair farther away from the fire, so as to give the new-comer more room. 'Why didn't you take your oilskins with you when you went out?'

Barry laughed with the utmost good-nature. 'Because Uncle Levi Harris down the street is taking care of them for me, Mr Todd; and he's got my watch and chain, and my sextant, and some other things as well.'

The four men—mere casual acquaintances of a few weeks' standing—gave a sympathetic murmur, and then one of them, in a deep, rumbling kind of voice, and without even looking at Barry, inquired if he could 'do with a change of togs.'

'Much obliged to you, Mr Watson,' replied the young man; 'but I'll be all right now. I've got a ship; the skipper has given me an advance out of his own pocket, and as soon as I get my watch and other things out of old Levi's I'm going up the town to buy some clothes.'

'You ain't going into a pawn-shop yourself—

are you?' inquired Todd. 'Don't you do it, young fellow. Why, the skipper as gave you the advance might see you going in, and chuck it up in your teeth again some day.'

'Ay, that's true,' said another; 'men like us can't run the risk of being seen even looking in at a pawn-shop window.'

'Well, as I can't get any one to go for me, I must go myself,' replied Barry, who was quick to perceive that, though his companions thought nothing of a man having to avail himself of a pawnbroker's shop, they did think it exceedingly improper to be seen entering or leaving one.

'Leave it till Monday morning,' said another. 'I'll get one of the hands aboard my hooker to go for you if you give me the tickets.'

Barry shook his head. 'I've promised to be aboard to-night, and we sail early on Monday morning.'

'Humph! That's a cooker,' said the man with the rumbling voice; 'there's no getting out of that.' Then, rising from his seat, he walked to the door, opened it, and, turning his head, said, 'Just come here a minute, mister, and I'll tell you how we might manage it.'

Barry followed him out into the passage, and then upstairs into his bedroom.

'Look here,' continued Watson, as he struck a match, lit a candle, and then his pipe, and spoke amidst a cloud of smoke, 'you don't know much of me, and I don't know much of you; but I do know that you're one of the right sort. I could see you were getting pretty well pushed, although you have always kept a stiff upper lip. Now, look there. There's my chest. Help yourself to some dry togs; they'll fit you right enough. Then go out and do all you want to do, and if you have time come back here, and we'll have a glass of grog together. If you haven't—why, it don't matter. I've been on my beam-ends often enough, I can tell you.'

Barry put out his hand. 'Thank you, Mr

Watson. If you'll lend me a suit of clothes I'll feel grateful. I've only those I stand up in, and I'm feeling jolly cold. But I've a good suit or two in pawn with my other gear, and I'll be back here with them in half-an-hour.'

Without another word Watson opened his sea-chest and threw a collection of clothing upon the bed.

'There's shirts, collars, ties, and everything else you want in the chest, and boots under the bed. Blow out the light when you've finished, lock the door, and leave the key in the bar; and if you're on for a yarn when you come back, you'll find me downstairs with old Billy Todd. Welsh rarebit at ten o'clock.' Then, refusing to listen to Barry's thanks, he went out to rejoin his companions.

Immediately he had finished dressing in his new friend's clothes, Barry rolled his own up in a bundle, locked the room door, and hurried down into the bar, where he left the key as directed, and had some coffee and a sandwich or two instead of supper, for he was anxious to return as quickly as possible, and then make his way down to the *Mahina*.

The pawnbroker's shop was less than ten minutes' walk from the hotel; and, stepping briskly along, he soon reached its doors, entered, and went directly to the open counter instead of availing himself of one of the dirty, ill-smelling little confessional-boxes wherein hapless creatures confess their poverty to poverty's father confessor, 'mine uncle.'

When Barry had produced his tickets, a young Hebrew gentleman at once gave him his immediate attention, and one by one the articles were brought and delivered to him after repayment of the money loaned and interest—which transaction took four pounds out of the ten he possessed. His watch and chain were the last to be produced, and as he was winding up the former, before placing it in his vest-pocket, he heard a voice proceeding from the nearest confessional-box, and speaking to one of the assistants, which caused him to start and then listen intently. It was a voice he remembered well—clear, refined, but tremulous with age.

'I can assure you,' it said, 'that it was bought in Calcutta fifty years ago, and cost two hundred rupees.'

'Vell, my goot sir, it doesn't madder nodings to me vat it cost. I dell you dot ve don't advance nodings on dose dings. Ve can not fill up dis blace mit such rubbish.'

'Will you buy it, then? Will you give me three pounds?'

'Vy don't you say dree dousand? Now, I dell you vat I vill do, so as to have no more droubles mit you ven I haf mine piness to addend to: I vill give five shillings for it.'

'Will you, you sweep!' shouted Barry, striking the wooden partition a blow with the side of his

clenched hand, and then; to the astonishment of the pawnbroker and his assistants and the people in the shop, he seized his parcel, and, pushing open the partition door, kicked vigorously at that of the confessional-box.

'Open the door and come out of this place, Mr Maynard!' he cried. 'I'm Ted Barry!'

In an instant the door was opened, and a little, pale-faced, white-moustached man came out. A faint cry of astonishment escaped his lips.

'Come, sir; take my arm,' quickly said the seaman, who saw that the old man was trembling with excitement. 'Let us get out of this before we have a crowd round us.'

'Yes, yes, Mr Barry,' was the eager reply; 'do let us get away. I feel so upset; and then, too, your voice gave me a shock—no, no; not a shock, my boy, but a surprise—a pleasant surprise.' He pressed his arm closely to Barry's. 'Rose—poor Rose!—will be delighted to hear I have seen you.'

'Where is she?' asked Barry quickly.

The old man halted, and looked piteously into his face.

'She is near here, Mr Barry. We are poor, very poor now. She is serving in a draper's shop.'

An exclamation of pity that he could not repress burst from the seaman's lips. Then he pulled himself together again. 'Let us sit somewhere for half-an-hour, if you can spare me the time,' he said. 'See, there's a good place,' and he indicated a large, brilliantly lighted restaurant on the opposite side of the street. 'I've had no supper. Will you come and have some with me, and we can have a chat?'

'Yes, yes; of course I will, my dear boy. But I must not stay long. I always wait for Rose to see her home, and must be outside the shop at nine o'clock.'

'It is now a little past eight. We shall have something to eat; and then—if you will allow me to come with you—I should like to see Miss Maynard. This is my last night on shore. My ship sails early on Monday.'

'She will be delighted to see you, poor child!—delighted and yet distressed to hear that you are leaving. She has never forgotten you, and we have often wondered why you have not written to us for so long. 'Tis quite a year.'

Barry's face flushed with pleasure, but he made no reply. Entering the restaurant, he chose a table in a quiet corner, and ordered some supper. Then for the first time he was able to observe the thin, pinched face and shabby clothing of his companion. 'Poor old fellow, and poor little girl!' he said to himself; and then, being a man of action, he at once went to the point that was uppermost in his mind.

Placing his big sun-tanned hand on that of the old man, he said somewhat nervously, 'What you told me just now about your changed circumstances has distressed me very much. Will

you, for the sake of our old friendship when I was chief officer of the *Maid of Judah*, accept a small loan from me? Do not refuse me, please. I assure you it will give me the greatest happiness in the world.' Then, disregarding the old gentleman's protestations with smiling good-humour, he forced the money into his hand, and went on volubly: 'You see, sir, it's only a trifle—six pounds—and of no earthly use to me, especially as I'm off to sea again. So, pray, do not refuse me.'

'Mr Barry—my dear boy—you are indeed a generous friend, and a friend in need, but'—and here the tears stole down his withered cheeks as he tried to smile—'I know your good-nature too well. I was always, as my poor wife used to say, a stupid old man; but I am not so stupid as not to know that had matters gone well with you I should not have met you to-night where I did. No, no; I cannot take all this hard-earned money from you; but if you will lend me thirty shillings'—

'Hush, hush, my dear sir! You are entirely mistaken. I am not rolling in wealth, I admit; but at the same time I'm not in want of money, and have a good ship.' Then he added in the most unblushing manner, 'I only went to the pawnshop to redeem these things here for a friend of mine, who couldn't go for them himself. Now, here's our supper, and if you say another word about that wretched money you'll spoil my appetite, which at present is a remarkably healthy one.'

'Then God bless you, my dear boy. Rose will herself thank'—

'If you say a word about the matter to Miss Maynard in my presence, I *shall* be put out,' said Barry with unmistakable emphasis.

As they ate their supper, Barry, whose spirits seemed to become brighter every minute, led the old man to talk, and he soon learnt of the misfortune that had befallen him. An unfortunate mining investment had stripped him of almost every penny in the world, and from comparative affluence he had fallen into deepest poverty. Too old to obtain employment in his former profession—that of an architect—and too proud to ask for assistance from any of his friends who might have helped him, he at last succeeded in securing a miserable weekly wage as clerk with a shipping firm, where his knowledge of foreign languages was of value. For some few months he and his daughter managed to keep their heads above water; then came sickness and consequent loss of his clerkship, and increasing hardships to be endured in their poor lodgings in the poorest quarter of the city. Rose Maynard, with aching heart, saw him rapidly sinking into despondency, as their funds became lower and lower with each rent-day. What could she do to help? Against her father's wish, she had written to his sister in England,

and told her of their position. The sister, a wealthy maiden lady, had sent a five-pound note and a long letter to her brother full of indignation at his 'criminal carelessness,' and suggesting that Rose was quite old enough to go out as a governess to some 'well-connected family,' or, failing that, as companion; and winding up with the intimation that the money enclosed had been sent 'out of sisterly regard, though destined for a far worthier purpose—the restoration fund of St Barnabas's Church.'

Barry ground his teeth and muttered something under his breath. He had often heard Rose Maynard speak of her aunt Martha, who was evidently not a lovable person.

'It hurt us terribly,' continued Mr Maynard; 'but our necessities were pressing, and I decided to keep the gift. Rose, however, begged me not to use it till the following day. Then she went out. She was only away for a few hours, and on her return I found she had obtained a situation in a draper's shop at thirty shillings a week. That very day I returned my sister's gift, urging her to use it for the "worthier purpose." Rose, who cannot help being mischievous, was in such high spirits that she added a postscript, asking her aunt to be sure to send us six copies of the free parish magazine containing the announcement of her princely donation, as it would interest people in Australia; and the wilful girl enclosed sixpence for postage.'

'Bravo, Ro—Miss Maynard!' cried the seaman, leaning back in his chair and laughing heartily.

'Since then we have managed to get along fairly well; but a month ago Rose contracted a low fever, and had to remain at home until the beginning of this week. She is quite recovered now, thank Heaven! and this afternoon, as I was turning over some of the little articles we had saved when our home was broken up, I came across this curiously carved ivory tobacco-box. It belonged to my father, who told me that he had paid two hundred rupees for it in India. Surely, I thought, I can either sell or pawn it for a few pounds, so that when Rose comes home to-night I can give her a pleasant surprise. But, as you know, I was bitterly mistaken; and yet I was about to take the man's offer when I heard your voice. See, here it is.'

The box was certainly an exquisite specimen of Indian carving, and, as Mr Maynard said, of great antiquity.

Barry looked at it admiringly for a minute or two, and then said:

'Do not offer it to a pawnbroker again. I should think it is worth at least twenty pounds. There is a famous collector in Sydney—a Colonel Maclean. Do you know him?'

'No, I have never heard the name.'

'I know him very well; he visits every ship that comes from the South Seas in search of rare

curios. Take or send this to him. He is a wealthy and liberal man, and will give you its full value, or three times as much if he wants it badly.' Then he gave Mr Maynard the address.

Their supper being finished, and it being nearly nine o'clock, Barry paid the bill out of his remaining seven shillings, and left his parcel under the care of the waiter.

The draper's shop was just closing as they reached it; presently one by one the employes came out and stood under the awning, gazing with apprehension at the rain and soaking streets.

'Here is Miss Maynard, sir,' said a young woman pleasantly to the old gentleman, as a tall, slenderly-built girl, closely wrapped in a serge overcoat, stepped out of the shop and looked eagerly up and down the street. In another moment she was at her father's side, her sweet pale face smiling into his. Barry was standing a little distance away.

'Come, Rose, come. I've such a pleasant surprise for you, my child,' he heard her father say, as with the girl he pushed through the little crowd to where his companion was waiting. 'Here she is, Mr Barry.'

'Oh! I am so glad, so glad to see you again,' was all she could say, in soft, trembling tones, as his hand closed around hers; and, simple as were the words, they thrilled the man's heart.

'Glad indeed,' echoed her father; 'glad indeed, my child;' and then his next words sent a chill of misery through her: 'but, sad to say, we meet but to part, and to part almost immediately, for Mr Barry must leave us before ten o'clock to go on board his ship, which sails on Monday. So let us make haste home, Rose, so that we may at least bid him farewell in a better place than the open street.'

Their lodgings were but a few doors away, and in a few minutes all three were seated in the dingy little combined dining and sitting room, which, with two bedrooms, formed their 'furnished apartments.' There was, however, a bright wood-fire burning in the grate, and this gave the place an aspect of cheerfulness. The table was laid for supper, and Mr Maynard, whose thin little face was flushed with excitement, after divesting his daughter of her cloak, placed a kettle on the fire. Then he turned to her with an expression of dismay:

'Dear, dear me, Rose! I have quite forgotten to buy the coffee; and to-morrow will be Sunday. How very thoughtless of me!'

Seizing his hat and umbrella, he bustled off.

'Poor father is quite excited, Mr Barry,' said Rose, with a faint smile; 'but he won't be more than ten minutes. He is housekeeper now. I suppose you know all that has happened to us since'—

'Yes, yes,' said Barry hurriedly, as he rose and, coming over to her, took both her hands in his,

and looked into her pale face. 'Oh that I had only known of his misfortunes six months ago, when I could have helped you! Rose, dear Rose'—

'Don't, don't,' she said brokenly. 'Why do you come to us now, when for a year you have never written? I said to you just now that I was glad to see you. It is not so. Your coming has made me very, very unhappy; for I was trying to forget.'

'For God's sake, Rose, hear me! I cannot now tell you all that has happened to me, for your father will be here presently, and my personal honour is pledged to my captain to be on board to-night, so I must hurry away at once; and it will be impossible for me to come ashore to-morrow. But you shall have a letter from me in the morning that will tell you all and clear me in your eyes, dear.'

The man's eyes glowed with the passionate sincerity of his words, and she uttered a sob of joy.

'Oh Ted, Ted, if you only knew how I have suffered! I could not understand it. It was killing me. If it were not for poor father, I should have been glad to die. And now you are going away again. Oh, what does it all mean? I feel dull and stupid, and cannot think'— Then a burst of tears.

'Hush, little woman! To-morrow my letter will help you to forget the unhappiness I have unintentionally caused you. There, look up, dear Rose, and listen. I hear your father coming. I cannot again part from you without telling him of my love for you.'

'Ted! I shall be the happiest woman in the world then; for then I can talk of you to him when you are at sea. How many long, long months this time, Ted?' and she smiled through her tears.

'Not many, I hope, dear—not more than six, I hope.'

Mr Maynard's step sounded on the landing, and in another moment he came in.

'Here it is, my dear,' he began, and then he stopped suddenly. 'Crying, my child? Poor little girl! you are done up, and weak as well.'

'Indeed I'm not, father. I feel lovely and strong. See!' and she sprang to him and threw her arms around his neck, to his intense amazement.

Then Barry spoke out straightforwardly: 'Mr Maynard, ever since we came out together in the *Maid of Judah* I have loved Rose; and to-night I ask your forgiveness for not having told you so two years ago. But I was waiting till I got a ship of my own.'

The old man gently disengaged his daughter's arms, and held out his hand to the seaman.

'God bless you, my boy! Why didn't you tell me before? Surely her happiness is my first care. And I've guessed it all along.'

LOCH TAY: A FIFTY-POUND SALMON.

By W. A. SOMMERVILLE.



SALMON of fifty pounds killed with a medium-sized blue phantom-minnow and on a single-gut cast! Once he was a tiny little fish called a parr, and would only weigh one or two ounces; perhaps he was born

on one of the great beds of gravel on the Stanley Water, and fed in the shadows cast upon the river Tay by the beech-trees at Meikleour. Then, when he came to be larger and stronger, it is pleasant to think of him making his first journey to the sea:

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

I have often stood on the bridge that crosses the Tay at Perth, when the river was in flood, and watched the turbid water foam and eddy about the piers; and I have wondered how many times that mighty fish passed under the arches on his journeys up and down the river. Think of his vicissitudes: in the sea, the danger from the seals and the nets; on the river, the nets, the otters, and the poachers who haunt the river at night. How the story of his life lends itself to your imagination! It may be that Sir John Millais, fishing upon the beautiful stretch of water he rented at Stobhall, deceived him with a 'Jock Scott' or a 'Durham Ranger,' played him for a time, and lost him. With what unspeakable relief, and many strokes of his powerful tail, he must have started afresh for his resting-place in the great pool at the foot of Ben Lawers which we call Loch Tay!

The luck of his capture fell to Alpin. Now, there have been other Alpines; but to all who knew him—and they are many—there was, and can for ever be, but one Alpin MacAlpin.

Alpin was the head-boatman at the Killin end of Loch Tay; and as he would stand in the morning on the little jetty in front of the hotel superintending the going out of the boats for the day's fishing, he gave you the impression of all that is pleasing and attractive. If you wanted to go up Ben Lawers, Alpin would take you. No one knew better than he the best places on the loch for trout-fishing. If you wished to purchase a cairngorm, Alpin would sell you one, and you would ever afterwards bear him with tender regard in your memory. Broad-shouldered and of sturdy build, with blue eyes and a frank open face, Alpin was a genius in the art of expressing opinion without in any way committing himself.

'Going to be a fine day, Alpin?' you would say to him.

'Well, I wouldna be for saying no, and I wouldna be for saying yes.'

Goethe says personality is everything. Alpin had a great personality, the perfect mental and physical conditions that made life delightful to himself and delightful to every one with whom he had to associate; and the little village of Killin is poorer now that Alpin has gone, as the one on the Hudson River was poorer when Rip van Winkle went away into the Catskill Mountains.

Mr Andrew Lang, writing recently, has said that perhaps Mrs Gamp is Charles Dickens's greatest creation, painted with the freest brush; and if this is so, it is because of her all-predominating humour. Like Mrs Gamp, Sancho Panza, Falstaff, and Rip van Winkle, Alpin had humour; shrewd, after the fashion of Sancho Panza, he could make you laugh—in this everyday life of ours or in literature a reef of true gold. To be out on Loch Tay with Alpin was to be in the sunshine—days that one would be glad to live over again.

It was in what we may call the coaching-days, before the railway connected Killin with the main-line, that one evening my friend and I arrived from Edinburgh, and seated ourselves in the coach to drive down to the village. There were four of us inside; and one was a great burly man with a beard that swayed like the autumn corn, who looked at us somewhat critically, and then remarked to his neighbour, quite loud enough for us to hear, that other two fools had come to try to kill the big fish. Little did he think, as the coach rolled along the rough road, that one of us would kill the 'big fish,' the largest that till that time had been killed with the rod on Loch Tay, and, as Alpin said, 'another besides.'

There is no form of sport that resembles salmon-fishing on Loch Tay. You have two boatmen to row you; and while they are rowing they talk to each other in Gaelic, a language you probably do not understand. You settle down in the stern of the boat, with rugs to cover you, for the weather is often bitterly cold, and your boat is slowly rowed through the bays and round the promontories of the loch.

It would be impossible for me to tell of all the beauty of the scene: the broken outline of the hills, the dark-green colour of the great companies of pines that seem to rise in columns from the lake, 'to stay the sliding of the mountain snow, to nurse in shade the tricklings that feed the brooks, to give massive shield against the winter wind,' as Ruskin says in the chapter 'On Leaf Shadows' in *Modern Painters*.

Then there is the music that is whispered to

the lake when the lapwings call and the evening breeze comes from the long valley of the Almond or sweeping down from Glenlyon.

You have two rods, one at each corner of the stern of the boat. On the line of each a stone is placed, and if a fish is hooked you will be startled by the sudden precipitation of the stone into the bottom of the boat. You may, if it please you, beguile the time of waiting with a book; but from this most peaceful occupation you are liable at any moment to be plunged into a scene of the wildest excitement.

I remember once driving from Kenmore to Killin when the snow on the roads was so heavy that at the little village of Miltown I had to get the cottagers to clear a way for me, and I arrived late. There was no one to go out with me but an old boatman and a youth who had hardly, I think, rowed on the loch before.

As we were starting, the old man took up one of my rods and asked if I didn't think the reel a 'bit stiff.' There was no doubt about it; the line did not run so freely as one would wish. However, away we went, and, meeting some of the other boats on the loch, heard that no fish had been killed. My old boatman wore a suit of red-coloured tweed; he had dyed the wool and spun the yarn himself. He was speaking to me in praise of this home-made cloth, when suddenly the stone dropped from the line of one of my rods, and away went the line off the reel as if hooked to the Scotch Express. I was on my feet in a moment. As bad luck would have it, the fish was hooked on the line off the stiff reel.

His first run was a long one, taking out line so persistently that it seemed we would have to turn the boat and follow him as best we could. There must have been nearly eighty yards of line out, when at last he changed his course, coming slowly back to us. I was then guilty of the folly of letting him come near the boat, when the movement of the oars alarmed him, and off he went for a second run faster than before; but after he had gone for only a few yards the reel stuck, the rod bent nearly double, and then there was a crash!—

As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.

My rod was broken in two pieces! All hope, however, was not lost; for, taking the line in my hands, I found the fish was still on the minnow. Carefully and slowly I drew the line towards me. We might get him yet!

He came in sight, motionless with the exhaustion caused by smashing my rod, rising slowly towards me like King Arthur's sword from out the mere. Then the trace gave way, and he was gone for ever.

'You'll be taking care, the next time you come to Loch Tay, to have your tackle in proper order,' said my boatman of seventy; and the rebuke was well deserved.

I should say he was a fish of about twenty-five pounds; and it is a striking example of what a salmon can do if you stay his course while he is in full possession of his strength. The rod was about seventeen feet long, and was broken a foot and a half above the reel. I sent for another rod, and in the afternoon we hooked and landed a fish, the only one taken on the loch that day.

My friend had never killed a salmon, and for the first two days he had no luck—the 'nameless Aiguille' had yet to be ascended; and, walking home on the second day, he told me that unless his fortunes soon changed for the better he would go for a climb on Ben Lawers.

On the following day we lunched together on a little promontory that runs out into the loch, upon which a few ragged fir-trees stand like sentinels on guard, red lined against the sky. There are rocks, and when there is a storm you see the waves breaking on them, and the spray rising in clouds of mist:

Roll as a ground-swell dashed on the strand,
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land.

My friend decided he would not go to Ben Lawers, but continue fishing. So do our decisions settle the fortunes of our lives. I parted from him, wishing him good luck; and I soon lost sight of his boat as we rowed away towards the Kenmore end of the loch.

Tugald was the name of one of the boatmen who rowed me, and Tonalld the name of the other, and right good friends they were, save when you touched upon things concerning the Church; for, alas! the one belonged to the Free and the other to the U.P. When I happened to be alone with Tugald, and he became confidential, he would tell me that on Church matters Tonalld was 'no' right in his heid; and when I would be alone with Tonalld, and refer to the same subject, he would tell me that Tugald was 'a silly body.'

Sometimes, to pass the time, I used to read to them, tell them a schoolboy story, or repeat from memory a sermon; they liked a sermon best—not a conventional sermon, but one of the old-fashioned sort. One day when we were in the bay at Ardeonaig I had arrived at the critical point, the very crack of doom, when suddenly the stone fell and the reel gave warning of a fish; and, but for the kindly assistance of Tonalld of the U.P., Tugald of the Free would have been in the loch. But neither Free Church Tugald nor Tonalld of the U.P. could lure a fish to the boat; and at last we rowed homewards.

I can never forget the beauty of the scene as we approached the march; it was a glorious and never-to-be-forgotten sunset:

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west
died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red reeking, into Cadiz
Bay.

The boats were gathering, the day's fishing being nearly done. In one boat some one was standing up; it was Alpin's boat, and my friend was playing a fish. Gradually we rowed nearer to them until we got within speaking distance. My friend's rod was bent, and he was almost motionless, the fish evidently sulking. I asked Alpin how long the fish had been 'on.' Alpin answered it might be an hour 'and more.' The vagueness of that 'and more'!

I said, 'Well, Alpin, it must be a big fish.' Then came the soft and musical answer: 'May be it will be a big fish, and may be it will be a small fish; it will be time enough to be saying when we see him in the bottom of the boat.'

Now, Alpin was not given to allowing a fish to be played for longer than need be; so I ventured to speak again, saying to him, 'He must be a big fish when you have had him on for such a long time.' There was a twinkle in Alpin's eyes as he said, 'I wouldna be for saying yes, and I wouldna be for saying no.' We rowed away out of speaking distance; Alpin had not committed himself.

It would be nearly an hour afterwards that we gathered at the landing-place to see the fish weighed. He turned the scale at fifty pounds, and was the largest salmon that, till then, had ever been killed on Loch Tay.

Alpin kept the half of the single-gut cast upon

which he was hooked, and would show it with great pride.

On the following day my friend killed a salmon that weighed thirty-three pounds—giving eighty-three pounds for two fish killed on consecutive days. There is no doubt this is a record.

Perhaps no fish will play so wild and give such brilliant runs as a salmon of about seventeen pounds. He has not much weight to carry; a boy of seventeen will, as a rule, outpace a man of fifty. This fifty-pound salmon took one long run and afterwards mostly sulked at a great depth. Once, after nearly two hours of steady pressure, he was drawn near the surface, but had even then strength enough to make another dash for liberty. It was not till another half-hour that he was finally worn out and brought within reach of the gaff. He was a beautiful fish, fresh from the sea, silver in colour, and perfect in shape, deep in the centre, and with a small head. You may at times see such fish at Groves', in Bond Street. These are, of course, captured in the nets, and do not often reach so great a weight.

Trolling for salmon upon Loch Tay is very different from casting with a rod upon a Highland river. But in its way it is a pleasant occupation. You have the scenery of the loch, you may enjoy reading a good book, and it is very restful; perhaps best suited for us 'as the rapid of life shoots to the fall.'

PARSON PUNCHARD'S PIGS: A SUFFOLK SKETCH.

By MRS ISABEL SMITH, Author of *The Romance of Mutby Workhouse*.



PARSON PUNCHARD stood by his pig-sties, meditatively regarding their sleek, grunting occupants. It was Sunday afternoon, and he was ready to start for church—an unclerical-looking figure, in spite of his long black coat, cut-throat collar, and tall hat of somewhat antiquated fashion. His round, ruddy countenance told of a life spent in the country air, and the lines about his shrewd, kindly eyes seemed more attributable to sun and wind than time, though Parson Punchard was far on in middle age.

'Tig, tig, tig,' he murmured encouragingly, scratching the back of his favourite sow. He hoped she and her litter of eight-weeks-old pigs would win a prize at the Poulton and Muttinford Agricultural Show the following week. The ferrule of his pastoral staff moved slowly up and down the smooth flesh-coloured skin; then the parson raised himself up with a sigh as a step sounded on the path behind him. It was the Methodist preacher taking a short-cut across the fields to his little chapel in the wilds.

'Good-afternoon, parson,' said the little man in broadest Suffolk. 'Busy with your pigs as usual, I see.'

'Yes, Muttiet; but I'm off to service directly,' replied Parson Punchard, answering the implied reproach in the other's tone as he glanced at his watch.

'Ah, sir, I never think much of the swine,' said Muttiet. 'Remember how the devils were sent into them, as Scripture tells us.'

'Yes, yes, Muttiet; that's true enough,' responded the parson cheerfully. 'But they all perished, you know. Those swine left no descendants. An example of vicarious suffering, I always consider.'

'Well, sir, of course I don't want to preach to you; but I do wonder sometimes'—he coughed deprecatingly: however, believing it to be his duty, he struggled bravely on—'how, with so much sin and misery as there is about, you find time for the pigs—and roots,' he added, glancing towards the glebe, where the Golden Tankard mangolds and Norfolk Giant swedes were shimmering in the autumnal sunshine.

The parson's eyes followed his; but it was with a feeling of pride, not disapproval. Next week the six best of each crop must be pulled up for the show, and win a prize, he hoped.

'Muttiet, did you never hear of St John and

his tame partridge?' he said. 'The more misery there is to deal with the greater the need of something outside it to rest the mind upon. I can tell you, my good fellow, with one thing and another, sometimes I don't know how I could have got along without my pigs and farming interest. I believe'—he raised his antiquated tall hat—'the Almighty knows it too, and lets me have a first or second prize now and then to cheer me, or a "highly commended" to stir me up to fresh efforts.'

Muttiet smiled respectfully and half-sadly. 'Well, parson, it's not for me to judge. I expect we're like a family of children: all want dealing with different. Good-afternoon.' Then he passed on.

Parson Punchard turned and walked back to the comfortable old-fashioned Rectory. He went across the neat, trim lawn, and stepped into a long, low room. Here a fire smouldered in the grate, and an old lady in a white cap sat swallowed up in a big arm-chair beside it.

'Just off to church, mother,' he said cheerfully, but in the tone one addresses an unreasonable child.

'Don't be late, Theophilus,' returned the old lady in a quavering voice. 'You know your father does not like to be interrupted when he has begun. You must be a good boy.'

'Yes, mother.'

'And mind you remember the text.'

'I'll try, mother.'

The old lady appeared to reflect a moment, then she continued her adjurations:

'And, Theophilus, no stopping about after service to play with the village boys. I think it was only last Sunday your father told me you were spinning your top in the porch.'

'I promise I won't do that, mother,' replied Parson Punchard. There was no smile on his face; instead, there was the weary, hopeless expression which sometimes came there, that might have made the Methodist preacher excuse the pigs.

'Ah, here is Pleasaunce to keep you company,' he said more brightly, as a respectable middle-aged servant entered the room, and he took the opportunity to slip away.

The parson started briskly along the quiet lane which led to Poulton Church. The mud was thick underfoot; but the brambles and hips were a brilliant flame-colour, and there was a blue sky above the golden-tinted trees.

By-and-by he came to the outskirts of the Hall plantation. Here Parson Punchard's pace involuntarily slackened, and from time to time he glanced between the tree-trunks as if in search of some one. The worn look on his face gave way to one of pleasurable expectation. A very little sufficed to make Parson Punchard happy; and the dream of his life was built on somewhat slight foundations. For years he had been a

favoured visitor at the Hall. Once a week at least he went to dine there and play a game of whist with the old Squire and his daughter; and often, when the game was ended, Miss Euphemia would play and sing to him, while her father slumbered in his easy-chair with the dogs at his feet. An evening thus spent was sufficient to cheer Parson Punchard for some days; but there were often chance meetings in the cottages or the village, and almost always on Sundays they had opportunity for a few words. In the afternoon, sometimes, Miss Euphemia would come by a path through the plantation; and the parson always lived in the hope of her doing so. There was no engagement between them; not a word of love had ever been spoken by him; yet he hoped some day—some day—he would receive his life's crown. In the meantime he lived on the fragments, bore his home-burden bravely, and busied himself with his parish and his pigs.

Now he walked on. The church bells were clanging sonorously. If Miss Euphemia were coming to church through the plantation she would soon be there. He looked anxiously over the park-palings. He saw the narrow path which wound in and out of the trees and underwood; but there were no signs of her. Then Parson Punchard began to doubt if she were coming. Perhaps the visitor they had had at the Hall lately—a Captain Waverley, some sort of cousin of Miss Euphemia's—had not yet gone, and she might find it difficult to get away this afternoon.

He had just made up his mind to the disappointment when he heard voices in the distance, and footsteps rustling the dead-leaves. He paused. The steps drew nearer; but they were not on the path near the road. Then he caught a glimpse of Miss Euphemia's gown; some one was with her, and it did not take long to recognise Captain Waverley. Parson Punchard was hidden from their view by a spreading hawthorn; and, from some instinct he could not explain, he stood still, instead of going on, when a few steps would have revealed his nearness.

The next moment seemed like a dream to Parson Punchard. He could not believe his eyes when he saw Captain Waverley's arm round Miss Euphemia's waist, and the look with which she gazed up at him before resting her head on his shoulder. They remained thus, talking in low earnest tones, till a sudden movement startled them and they passed on quickly into the depths of the plantation.

Parson Punchard stooped and picked up his stick, which had made the clatter. His hands were trembling, and a mist was over his eyes. His Euphemia, as he had fondly thought her! No dread of any rival had ever troubled him. There were none about Poulton that could be regarded in such a light; and this smart young officer—Parson Punchard had had no fears of him, he was only some kind of a relation, and far

too frivolous and careless to please such a sensible woman as the Squire's daughter. It was such an upheaval of the cherished hope of past years, such a sudden revelation; he felt quite dazed.

He did not know how long he stood there grasping the lichen-covered palings for support, while a friendly robin perched close by and regarded him curiously. The sound of the church bells tolling-in brought him to himself with a shock. He made an effort to walk on, leaning on his stick, and conscious only of a desire to hide the effects of the blow he had received.

Old Marjoram, the clerk, had tired of pulling the frayed red bell-rope when the parson appeared.

It was dark inside the church, which smelt of damp and matting hassocks. Like most old Suffolk churches, it stood sadly in need of renovation; but the congregation was a scattered and rustic one, quite content with things as they were—Parson Punchard's droning manner of reading and old-fashioned sermons into the bargain.

The sun shone mournfully through the western windows, making splashes of purple and crimson on the yellow walls, and bringing out the pale gold of the royal arms on the front of the gallery.

Parson Punchard never quite knew how he got through the service that afternoon; but he shortened the sermon by knocking off a ponderous fourthly and fifthly of the old divine he was reading. Then came the closing hymn, sung with due pauses between the lines, to the accompaniment of a barrel-organ in an upright case, adorned with flutings of mauve and gold. The released congregation stamped and shuffled down the aisle; the misty autumn air came in at the open doors; then the parson escaped to the musty-smelling vestry to doff his surplice.

Old Marjoram, the clerk, took it from him as usual, and, coughing deprecatingly, observed, 'Have ye heard about Miss Phemie Youell, sir; how she's took up with Captain Waverley that's been staying at the Hall?'

'Yes, Marjoram—that is no news to me,' replied the parson quietly. Then he added, trying to speak briskly, 'The church strikes very chill this afternoon, Marjoram. We must begin the stove, I think.'

'Stove before Michaelmas? Surely not, parson,' cried the old clerk, horrified at such an unorthodox suggestion.

'Well, it depends on the weather,' said Parson Punchard; and he hurried off, leaving his attendant to lock up.

He walked quickly across the field till he got into the lane, thereby avoiding the little knot of church-goers. If old Marjoram knew the news, every one in the parish would; and he did not want to run the risk of being told it again. But there were sons of the prophets at Jordan as well as at Bethel. He had hardly

descended the steep bank into the lane before a horse's hoofs sounded dully on the damp mud, and the doctor—a red-faced, weather-beaten man—rode up to him.

'Afternoon, Punchard,' he shouted in his thick, jovial tones. 'Nice mild weather for the time of year.'

'Yes, capital,' was the response.

'Heard the latest?' continued the doctor, flicking at a brilliant hip in the hedge above him.

The parson nodded and involuntarily quickened his pace.

'Captain Waverley's stolen a march on you, parson,' said the doctor, with the bluntness which characterised his speech as a rule. 'I always thought you and she'—

'I have heard the news,' replied the parson, interrupting him quickly. 'I hope Waverley's a good, steady fellow. Are you going to enter for the trotting hackneys at the show next week?'

'No, not this year. Isn't worth it. How about your roots?'

'Pretty tolerable, especially my swedes.'

'Well, I hope we shall have a good show,' said the doctor cheerfully, and rode off.

Parson Punchard was anxious to get home and be safe from further remark; but he was not in such a hurry that he could not stoop to pick up some acorns for his pigs, and snatch a cluster of tempting fat ones from an overhanging bough. Then he turned into his own domain, and made across the mangold-field to his pig-sties.

Here he paused. The grunting herd, just fed, came pushing up to the fence to greet him. Parson Punchard threw a handful of acorns among them, and watched them struggling for the prize. With what different feelings he had looked at his protégées a couple of hours ago! How the world had changed to him in that short time! Well, he could not blame Miss Euphemia. She was not bound; and if he could have his time over again he would not ask her to be. Perhaps it was best as it was; for old Lady Punchard, as the villagers called her, might last for years, and it would be pitiful to see Miss Euphemia wasting the remainder of her youth in weary waiting. Yes; no doubt it was best. Yet what a blank it made in the parson's outlook! What a difference it would make in his daily ministrations not to feel he was cheered by any distant hope!

He fastened the bolt of the gray-painted gate of the pig-pen. The swine, finding there were no more acorns, returned to their shelter and fresh straw. Then the parson walked slowly towards the house. The old Rectory, with its massive chimneys, peeped out from among the autumnal trees. It looked sombre enough this time of the afternoon, when a gray mist was beginning to rise. The parson sighed; he felt that the mist was closing in upon him, and not only from the outside.